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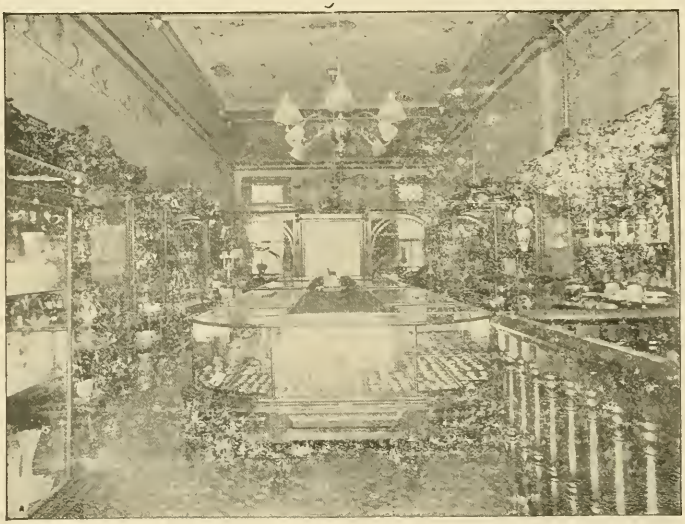

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Prophecy.

The sun was slowly sinking below the western horizon, on a bright afternoon in the latter part of May. I sat beneath one of those majestic linden trees whose branches shade the terraces of our school ground. A book was lying in my lap—open—but I could not read. My thoughts wandered from subject to subject, dwelling first upon the fond recollection of my school days, which were almost at an end, and then I was building air castles for the future which seemed so bright before me. At length I fell asleep, but even in my dreams my classmates were before me. The great veil of the mysterious and unexplored future was lifted before my wandering eyes. Time had hastened onward in its ever advancing flight *ten long years* and I saw the FUTURE of my classmates. As the scene meets my eye, I cry, "Where is now the merry party, I remember long ago?" and as if in answer to my eager question, there appears in the distant background, at first dimly outlined and then growing more distinct, these words, "They have all dispersed and wandered, far away, far away." And, oh, how our paths have diverged and rediverged, since as a band of happy school girls we dwelt beneath the strong, protecting walls of our Alma Mater.

Of all in our class, one alone still lives—a life of single blessedness—in the town where the old school stands, while the *other* Mary, having studied in a medical school, is now caring for the sick in a New York hospital. In a moment the scene changes, I am borne to a little town in Southern Mississippi. A fair haired woman, of about thirty years is leaning over a gate, looking wistfully down a path, which leads from it. I can see only her profile and as I gaze upon the picture, a fine looking man rides up. As he jumps from his horse and as he imprints a kiss upon her forehead, I hear the word "Sharp" escape from his lips. I startle at the name of my old chum and fellow in mischief, as I prepare to speak the scene fades from my view and I am borne to a far off land. In a monastery, among a group of sisters, engaged in singing, I see two faces which catch and hold my attention. I trace in those faces, though changed by time, a resemblance to those of the Emma and Mary of years ago and as the singing ceases, their thoughts, too, seem to wander back to their school days and as they talk of days gone by and changes since those days, I learn that Besse is winning fame upon the stage—rivaled only by Patti. Scarcely had my mind grasped one of those strange scenes before another was thrust before me In a large western city, I see Permele delivering an address upon "WOMAN'S RIGHT," and as my thoughts fly back to the time when she labored so faithfully over, "The boy stood on the burning deck,"

and "Grandfather's Spectacles," I exclaim, "Ah, what changes cannot time work?" And now a magnificently furnished room is hurried before my wandering gaze. Everything betokens wealth and joy. The central figure in that room is a woman, sitting, with bowed head and clasped hands. She is dreaming, I know not of what, but as she slowly raises her head, a smile passes over her face and I see once more the Francis of my school days. Quickly there appears an humble little cottage, situated among the mountains of West Virginia. Sweet strains of music are wafted, by the gentle breeze, to my ear, and in that happy home I see Lilian crowned queen and ruling all with a sceptre of love. Once more the curtain falls and as it rises, a small school house appears, "humming with the busy noise of three score merry girls and boys." But now the teacher comes forward. Her tall and slender form little resembles that of the Sadie of long ago, and, too, her hair is sprinkled with strands of gray, but the eyes are unmistakable and perchance these changes are due to "the delightful task of rearing the tender mind, of teaching the young idea to shoot." But I cannot gaze upon the picture longer for another is thrust before me.

In a northern city, an immense music hall is crowded to its utmost capacity. The performer of the evening steps forward, but I do not know her (I am in a strange place and by chance alone in that hall). I hear the name *Nina* passed from lip to lip, I can not catch the other name, finally it reaches me. The Nina of my class of Nineteen Hundred! I listen in rapture to the notes she produces, but the curtain falls!

My dream is ended! Half conscious I hear voices sweetly saying, "Be it ever so humble," and as the sound approaches nearer, I join, "There is no place like home," and then the realities of the present dawn upon me. In a few days we part, our school days are over and we leave our Alma Mater, perhaps forever. I can not pen the feeling that seizes upon my soul at such thoughts. Doubtless the majority, if not all, of those who read this little sketch from a school girl's pen, have experienced such feelings—those of RAPTURE at the thought of home and those of sorrow at the thought of parting, and as they read, these feelings will be re-called more vividly than I can hope to make them. And so, with a hearty God-speed to the class of nineteen hundred, and a long life to our dear old school, I await the changes of time to fulfil my prophecy.

?

I.

Small in stature,
But not in mind,
Our fair-haired gradnate
Loved by all kind.

II.

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the skies,
Her special talent we all know,
In elocution lies.

III.

Her voice is heard in the morning,
Her music the last thing at night,
The sweetest, all of them we will miss,
When she has taken flight.

IV.

Always fond of boggs and swamps,
Ever ready for studies and romps;
Sharp, as sharp as sharp can be,
Liked by you and loved by me.

V.

Over the keys, not over the rails,
Faster and faster flies the ear,
Never a wrong note, always a right one,
For music she's noted near and far.

VI.

In perseverance, patience studiousness,
This one star should be given,
For kindness, goodness, unselfishness.
Alone she has not striven.

VII.

A face like a morning glory;
Eyes of the deepest blue,
A voice like a bird's in sweetness,
Which charmeth more than a few.

VIII.

Indifferently and slow she walks,
Indifferently and slow she talks,
Lazy we oftimes think her to be,
But when she recites we know differently.

IX.

With eyes that shine with brightness
And now with never a frown,
Like the touch of a feather in lightness,
She runs the scales up and down.

X.

She's such a little tiny tot,
That on her singing days
Her papa comes along with her
And in the carriage stays;
But if she's little, she can sing
And play to beat the band,
And with a nature as sweet as her voice
She'll have suitors, galore, for her hand.

XI.

Her music's as sweet as the breezes in June,
She can play all her pieces and play them in tune.
Each Saturday morning she comes up to school,
But then speaks to no one, as 'tis 'gainst the rule.

XII.

Maiden with the violet eyes
In whose orbs the laughter lies,
Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one;
May you walk with happy feet
Where the brightest pathways meet.

The Soul of the Sea.

Oh, thou quiet yet uncontrollable Sea!
Thou who art not like the human kind—
Those whom we love we learn to love—
But thou, to see thee is enough, to find
In calm or troubled mien, now wild, now bright,
A world of wonder, for one who loves thee,
A world of light!

Oh, could I be the sky and look on thee
Or be a boat that sails upon thy breast,
I would not gaze elsewhere save on thy billows
And on thy great calm heart forever be at rest.
Thy would be loves, the Sun and Moon,
Rival each other in beautifying thee.
But thou O cold, O passionate Soul,
Thou carest not for them—or me.

Thou carest only to play, it seems
To chase thy many waves upon the shore,
Till wearied out like a tired child
They suddenly are still and seem to breathe no more.
At night the Moon who lovest thee
Looks shyly out from her mist-curtained clouds on high;
She looks with amorous eyes on thee!
Thy waves, they answer not her looks or sighs,
But icily they glisten in her gleam

Till night is silently but swiftly going
And the moon draws in her rays of silvery sheen.

Oh Moon, oh Sky, oh Sun!
And all that love the Sea's white foam,
Think you a human heart would stake its life
And make a watery bed its home?
Yes! for thy love e'en fickle as thy playmate breeze
Could lull to rest with soft sounds, beauteous Sea!
And yet, thou flatterer, thou art more dangerous than human foe
For as I smile at thee, thy own sweet laugh is gay and bids me come,
Whilst still I know that thou would make a grave my home.

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The Last Hour of the Year.

Only the bright fire lighted the old library, and I was there alone. The hours of the Old Year were fast becoming minutes, and the New Year with all its joys and sorrows fast approaching. From the depth of an easy chair I watched the fantastic pictures formed by the glowing coals, while thoughts as fantastic crowded my mind.

Suddenly I heard a sweet girlish voice say, "I certainly thank thee very much. I could never have gotten from that shelf by myself," and looking around I saw Janice Meridith and the Celebrity.

"The pleasure is mine, Miss Meridith, to be chosen as your knight before my rivals," was his suave reply.

Janice blushed with delight at his words, and, then, with much eagerness she asked, "Prythee, tell me who the other gentlemen are who came so kindly to my aid. I do become so tired of Jack and the others that in this one hour of the year I want to know as many new people as I can."

"I can certainly sympathize with you," said her companion heaving a deep sigh, "and especially is my lot hard for I am misunderstood by every one. This hour with you will recompense me for much, however"—with a low bow.

"Indeed, he is a fine gentleman," Janice thought to herself much flattered at his attentions, "even if his clothes are very queer."

"My rivals," the Celebrity resumed after a pause, "are Mr. Isaacs, and Rudolph the Prisoner of Zenda. Not men by any means whom I would like you to know." He raised his eyebrows in a supercilious manner and walked off with Janice at his side.

My amazement during this little scene was so great that not until the couple had moved away, Janice first casting a glance into the glass of the bookcase, did my eyes leave the spot. I looked around and lo! the room was filled with my friends of book-land. Dear Mother Goose with her retinue was present, mingling with the lords and ladies, clowns and villains of Shakespeare. Many and varied were the incongruous groups. The fair maids of the days of paint and patches were chatting gayly with the clubmen of to-day. Becky Sharp was fascinating and bewildering the Little Minister; Dorothy Manners was talking in a friendly fashion with the Gentleman from Indiana, while the Soldier of Fortune leaned over her chair holding her fan.

One tall, white figure was moodily walking up and down one side of the room. Looking closer I recognized Arbaces the Egyptian. Even in the midst of such a company he mused alone. So haughty and cold it seemed as if no one would dare approach him. While

I thought of his life and tragic death a boyish voice broke in:

"Say, there, Mister, they says you can do all kinds of tricks. Won't you tell me about some?" And there stood the irrepressible Tom Sawyer gazing fearlessly into his dark face. "If you would come to our town," the boy continued, "me and Huck Finn could get out a dandy crowd, and at ten cents apiece you could make a lot of money. Say now, Mister, won't you?"

"Well, I declare!" Tom ejaculated, as with a stony stare Arbaces stalked to the other side of the room. "He is the queerest critter I ever seed. Poor thing, I reckon he is a little wrong in his upper story." With this natural conclusion from his point of view at least, Tom went over to where his Becky was standing, for all the fine ladies and gentlemen could not turn his loyal heart from its allegiance.

Wondering what had become of Janice, I found her sitting on the sofa beside Katherine Lauderdale, with a pathetic droop to her pretty head for the Celebrity had deserted his lady for Amelia Sedley. So she remained for a minute and then with a petulant toss of her curls, turned to Katherine.

"Do tell me something of New York. I was there once when General Howe had possession of the city."

Katherine smiled, "It has grown very much since that time, and now they have electric cars and telephones."

"What are they?" Janice asked eagerly, her curiosity aroused.

"It will be rather difficult to explain to you," said Katherine in a patronizing tone. "Electric cars are somewhat like the old coaches, only they are drawn by no horses or mules, and a telephone is an electrical apparatus by which you may talk to persons even many miles distant," and, thinking how lucid she had made the explanation, she settled back more comfortably among the pillows.

"Thou need'st now make fun of me, Katherine Lauderdale, by telling falsehoods, even if I am a country girl. I don't think you are a lady and," with a flash of anger, "I don't think mommey would permit me to associate with you. Just look at your manish dress. 'It is indeed indelicate.'" And with a glance of scorn at Katherine's tailor suit, she ran across the room.

During this little scene the fire had gradually sunk to a heap of ashes, rapidly growing gray. From a distant steeple came the chimes ringing out the Old Year and welcoming the New. As the last peel sounded, with one bright flash, the firelight died away. There was a moment of rustling and soft whispers—then the silence was complete.

The hour of freedom was ended and nothing remained of it, but the memory and a few dead coals.

The Soiree.

Before.

(MORNING.)

What is the matter?
Rain? O my curls!
I'm sure to be pale as a ghost,
I know that chapel will be so hot
That will pretty nearly roast.
I don't know a word of my literature,
What king died in a trench?
What is the sum of x, y, z?
And where in the world is my French?

I'm wild as a billy-goat,
Scared to death,
I simply can't sing a note,
My head aches, too;
And I'm awfully blue,
Besides which, I've a dreadful sore throat.

(NOON.)

Zero on history, kept in on French,
There's nothing as hard as a school-room bench.
O such a life, dear me, dear me!
I *can't* sing, and draw, and study all three.

(NIGHT.)

Put books aside, the hateful things,
Cares must wait till to-morrow;
My dress is on, but where are my rings?
Some rouge I'll have to borrow.

After.

The deed is done, the mighty act,
And life is prose once more.
The world seems all wrong,
I failed in my song,
Though I practiced it o'er and o'er.
I felt *his* presence outside the door,
I saw a teacher's lowering glance,
I knew what it meant
He begged to come in,
But she sent him away
With a look askance.

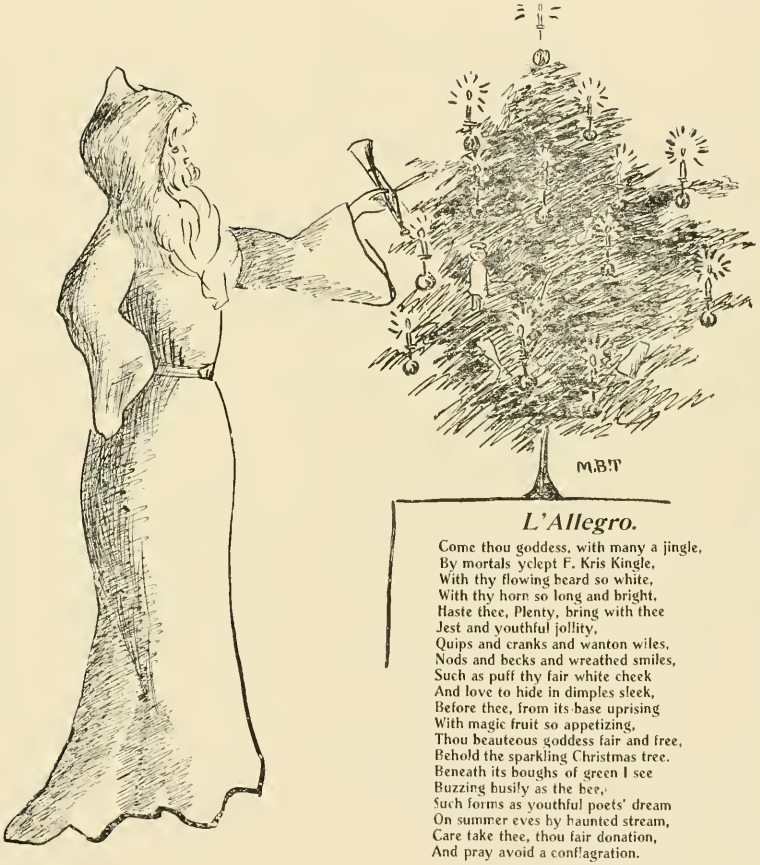
B. K. M.

A Query.

Do they miss me at walking, I wonder?
'Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that the teacher who calls roll
Thought, "I'm certain that this girl is here;"
To know my adorable room-mate
Had answered my name with a "Here."
But no—Hark, the bell! I must hurry,
Too soon they will miss me, I fear.

My fate would be sad if they missed me,
To "Office" I'd surely go.
Yes, I might tell a story, but dear me!
We've a system of honor, you know;
And even if no one should hear me,
My white, stainless honor would go.
So I nobly resolve to be present,
And never to skip any more.

But my good resolutions are broken,
For just as I come in sight
A friend says, "She's put you down absent,"
And I quickly turn back in affright.
'Tis no use, for in tones most reproachful
The teacher asks, why I am late,
And in spite of some very good reasons,
I must copy some "dic." just at eight.



L'Allegro.

Come thou goddess, with many a jingle,
By mortals yclept F. Kris Kingle,
With thy flowing beard so white,
With thy horn so long and bright,
Haste thee, Plenty, bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as puff thy fair white cheek
And love to hide in dimples sleek,
Before thee, from its base uprising
With magic fruit so appetizing,
Thou beauteous goddess fair and free,
Behold the sparkling Christmas tree.
Beneath its boughs of green I see
Buzzing busily as the bee,
Such forms as youthful poets' dream
On summer eves by haunted stream,
Care take thee, thou fair donation,
And pray avoid a conflagration.

Il Penseroso.

Hail thou goddess, sage and holy,
Thou of bitterest melancholy,
Whose former visage was so bright
On that fateful Christmas night,
When o'er it fell that scorching blight;
And now 'tis hid from human sight,
O'er laid with soft and soothing unction,
Thou fillest all with deep compunction.
Come pensive Jonah, with sorrowing eyes,
Which alone peep forth to view the skies,
Come, take solace, take consolation,
In this delicious libation,
Whose power hath true consent,
With smelling salts and liniment,
To entice to thee dewy feathered sleep,
Who will thine fringeless eye lids keep,
Bathed in his Lethean balm;
And through oblivion's grateful calm,
Shall no wandering spectre trot,
Armed with terrible watering pot;
Shall not scarlet golf cape hover
Thee with folds so deep, to smother.
Farewell goddess, sage and holy,
Farewell deepest melancholy.

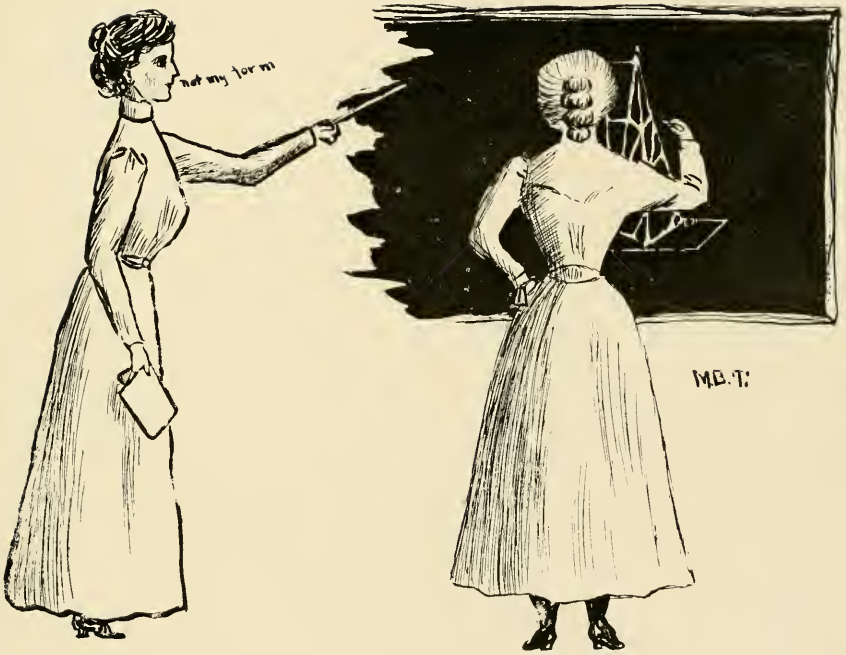
MBT

In his former existence.—Rato

I. Teacher "miss — Do you believe animals have souls

II Yes I'll be the first missionary to the animals

"Reading on the wall's ot to eat Well I'll nibble of it."


not my for mi
M.B.T.

DIGGING LATIN ROOTS

ALBERT SHULZ PUBLISHER,
Staunton, Va.

Social Life.

Standing on the bridge of Time we notice in silent contemplation the clear, pure stream of Life below—here and there interrupted or crossed on its happy course towards the vast ocean of Eternity by the muddy, stagnant streams of Sin and Death, which are forever running by the side of the streams of Past, Present and Future. Thus, unconsciously, we stand judge of these two streams, and is it not more comforting and profitable to take away, as the lasting impression, the brighter, happier stream of Life, untouched and unharmed by its many attributaries of Sorrow and Sin? Is this not similar to our school life, and, when we at last go forth from the protecting gates of the Seminary, do we not look back at the days of our school life as through a halo of sunshine, made brighter and more beautiful by its contrast to the disappearing storms?

Such sweet anticipations of coming gaities and social events, and far sweeter the realization of these dreams—all these have been a source of happiness to us, and how dearly we will treasure and cherish these remembrances in after life. Such forbidden pranks of midnight feasts, or, perhaps, candy pulls after the lights are out—will they soon be forgot? This school year has been an unusually gay one for us in the social line, and the operas, glee club concerts, receptions, dinner parties, and musicales have become a thing of the past and only a pleasant remembrance remains.

Many thanks should be extended to the officers and fellow-workers of the Mary Baldwin Literary Society for the great pleasure their entertainments have afforded us. During the year the program has varied—the chief amusements consisting of a reception given by the old girls to welcome the new comers; a birthday party, where comic songs were indulged in, recitations applauded, and light refreshments joyfully accepted; a Shakespearian evening; tableaus, debates and many musical numbers and recitations held in chapel. Thus many a Saturday evening has happily glided by.

Besides these church suppers and a Confederate tea, several dramatic and musical programs have been rendered in the Y. M. C. A. rooms down town and a small delegation of girls from the Seminary have attended.

Early in the fall of the school year we all attended a wedding of great interest, especially so to the teachers and old girls on account of the bride, Miss Minnie Grattan, having been a former student at the M. B. S.

November the 8th, the Andrews Opera Co. presented "The Bohemian Girl," and on February the 16th, the International Grand Operatic Co made its bow to the public of Staunton by rendering the 2nd Act from Flowtow's Grand Opera. "Martha"; the Bridal

Scene from the 3rd Act of Wagner's "Lohengrin," and finally, the 4th Act of Verdi's immortal "Il Trovatore."

The Seminary was honored by a special concert tendered them by the Stonewall Band, and several months later, to show their great appreciation, they attended the Band concert given at the Opera House.

The University of Virginia Mandolin Club and Quartette arrived on February the 23rd, and was received with a great deal of applause. It is needless to say that for weeks after, they still furnished a never-exhausting and never-exhausted subject for discussion among the groups and crowds of enthusiastic girls on the back gallery during recreation hours.

Later, the Story of the Reformation, or Life of Luther, under the general management of Mrs. M. E. Monroe, the Philadelphia lecturer, was given by one hundred and fifty young ladies and gentlemen of Stanton, who took the parts allotted them with much skill and earnestness.

We owe one of our happiest evenings to John Philip Sousa, whose fascinating manner as a leader, and, whose graceful movements swaying back and forth in perfect unison with the inspiring music of his two-steps, only helped to captivate and fill the audience with wildest enthusiasm.

Last, but not the least, was the "Battle of Santiago," given on April the 19th, by the West Augusta Guard. It was a thrilling Cuban war drama, and so realistically were the dangers and terrors of the war and the finale bravery and victory of our country portrayed, as to arouse in us a conflict of feelings. It was not without its humorous side, however; the constantly arguing of the Irishman with the persistent negro, while in the distance the echo of the lover's soft pleadings, soon brought us back from the land of terror to the land of reality once more.

On the evening of March the 31st, the doors of the gymnasium were thrown open, and such a confusion and babel of voices as greeted them, as each teacher or girl deposited her admission fee of ten cents in the little tin cups held by the several door tenders! The large hall was gayly decorated with bunting, flags and different colored lanterns, while from the different booths arranged around the hall, came such shrill cries as "Ice cold, pink lemonade, made in the shade! Five cents a glass! Who'll buy?" while a fisher-maiden in an immense straw hat and short dresses, yelled, "This way, lady—try your luck at the fishing pond. Every household necessary can be fished up if you only pay the price of five cents!"

After paying your required respects to these booths, a very pretty gypsy sticks her head out of her booth and beckons you with mysterious signs, to venture into the unknowns of the Future. Thus urged, you hesitatingly step in to learn your Fate, but soon joyfully emerge with the happy words ringing in your ears, "You will be very rich

and will marry twice"; while closely following in your footsteps comes an excited little lass, indignant at the mere idea of being "an old maid!"

Pop corn, peanuts and candy everywhere, while an indifferent gazer is soon spied out by the tall woman, who immediately carries her off to the far end of the room, where a most wonderful monkey is performing with a dancing girl.

At the opposite end of the hall stands an agent, wildly gesticulating and urging the public to "Come and buy tickets for the renowned Sousa's Band. Only ten cents apiece." At this announcement, the clown attempts such lover-like demonstrations on the fat woman, that the blind girl moves her seat from the raised platform in simple disgust and retires modestly into the midst of the noisy crowd.

All of a sudden there is a hush and amidst great applause John Philip Sousa, followed by his talented players, file in and take their seats. They have commenced, and soon the soft purring of the violin, accompanied by the bass of the banjo, the shrill tooting of horns and the sizzing of the combs, fill the air with a harmony of music that would put even Chopin to shame. The program changes and the prima donna ziggers of the M. B S. go through impossible exhibitions. A few solos are indulged in, then they make their final bow, and retire midst the thundering applause that bids them farewell.

Thus the curtain drops.

F. Cornell Kalkhoff.

Literary Society.

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ALBERT SHULTZ, PHOTOGRAPHER
STAUNTON VA

The Experiences of a Debater.

The Experiences of a Debater---Affirmative.

The first remark that greeted my ear on going down to our sumptuous meal one evening was, "You are to be on a debate." Indeed it made no difference what you thought on the subject, in fact the subject had not yet been decided upon, but no matter it had all been nicely arranged and I being too easily taken in, succumbed, but alas, I knew not what doom awaited me, what tortures of mind, what sleepless nights, what agonies of conscience to know what I really believed! Would it have been true that if Eve had listened to Adam and not tried to assert her "Woman's Rights" and be independent of her liege lord, that she would not have brought sin into the world and all our misery—especially debates?

For weeks the sole question that was asked was, "You think women ought to vote? And then with a nervous expectant look, my heart fairly in my mouth, I awaited her response. If she happened to say "Yes," then my eyes filled with tears of disappointment and I turned away sick at heart, but if her answer were "No," I remembered the training of my youth, the oft-quoted advice, "Learn to say no," and my heart beat for joy that there was one sister who remembered this good, this most precious counsel.

"So you really believe that with your heart and soul? You are just the girl for me, you can help me with my debate!"

But woe is me, her cold heartless reply was always, "You have gotten yourself into this—what shall I call it—mess, and you will have to do the best you can."

Oh, did I not realize that? From the depth of my woe I looked with envious eyes on every girl I saw and said to myself, "Lucky dog, you are not in a debate."

The sight that met our eyes for weeks at every turn and corner was our opponents, walking around in deep thought, hugging the "Subjection of Women" to their hearts as if it were the most precious thing in life, and indeed, I suppose it was the dearest thing to them at that time. We would stand off in a corner and watch them pouring over it, and giggle and say we did not blame them for wanting to be free—in other words, to engage in politics—if they thought they were in bondage to anybody! On the other hand we could see them looking and looking with eager eyes at a little scrap of paper I carried around with me. It was great fun to rouse their curiosity about it for there wasn't a thing on it that would do them, or anybody else, any good.

Fortunately, all of our friends were very good about giving us clippings bearing on the subject in question. For instance, to begin

with, a lady sent me a clipping from a sermon of Cardinal Gibbons. Our Principal, who was very much interested in our debate, called me and said she had a fine article for me, a sermon of Cardinal Gibbons. The next morning the first thing I heard on going down to breakfast was, "Oh, I have a grand thing for your debate, I found it last night and cut it out for you—it is a sermon from Cardinal Gibbons." Soon after I was walking on the back gallery and I met a teacher who very kindly handed me a paper, saying: "I was reading last night and I found this, just the thing for your debate, it is a sermon of Cardinal Gibbons!" Grateful debater, reading the article with interest for the first time,—"I am so much obliged to you, Miss M ———, I am sure it will be the greatest help to us." Unfortunately we are trembling, as we fear the Negatives would not think the opinions of a celibate priest sufficient authority on the subject of women, we are obliged to renounce the "Sermon of Cardinal Gibbons."

Two days were left—two days in which our debates were to be written, learned and spoken! Can you imagine a feeling of utter desperation?

The fatal day drew on a pace. The morning of the debate we three affirmatives assembled in the Chapel to see if we could lift our feeble voices so as to be heard from the grand, imposing platform. The speeches were unceremoniously interrupted by such things as—"My dear girl, you have been speaking fully ten minutes, you just must speak faster." "You ought to make this gesture right here." "Be sure you bring that appeal out *strongly*" "Don't stand behind the desk, you will be much more effective on this side of the stage." "That's a fine point for us, I don't see how they *can* answer that."

The long-dreaded night at last arrived and we appeared in Chapel armed with notes in one hand, paper and pencil in the other, "just to take down a few of our opponents' arguments, you know." The air seemed thick with "Washington Posts;" "Woman's National Suffrage League," stared us in the face at every turn, and there were pictures of Miss Anthony and others to put us to shame for our narrow minded views

We six debaters occupied a place of distinction on the stage and sat around in a half circle awaiting our doom looking like six little crows sitting on a shaky fence rail and feeling about as shaky as the rail. My time came first. I went forward grasping my poor little notes that I couldn't have read if my life had depended on it, to face a "sea of upturned faces." My feelings at that moment!—everything was a blank. I made one desperate effort to recall my first sentence—Paul—Paul, (Paul was our standby). something about Paul, was it not? Oh, joy I have it. "Paul declares that women should stay at home." I was now fairly launched on my sea of troubles with Paul as my pilot. All went fairly well till I struck a rock—a fatal rock! There was a calm—oh that dreadful calm. Then I launched forward once more and all was over. I had reached the harbor in safety! What a sigh of relief escaped from me, as I sat down, and how I gloated over those poor mortals who were yet to speak.

All is over at last, so let us ring the curtain down on this—to others perhaps a comedy, but to us a tragedy.

The Experiences of a Debater---Negative.

Every one declared we must have a debate in our Literary Society, but no suitable subject could be found. There were many solemn meetings always breaking up in indecision. Finally this subject was adopted,

"Resolved, That politics is not included in woman's sphere."

When my opinion was asked, I at once said women certainly had the ability and therefore should enter politics if they wanted to. Rash assertion. Immediately a chorus of girls' voices cried,

"She believes in women voting. She must debate on the negative side."

All struggles were in vain Almost without my own consent, I was forced into the first debate of my life, and that, too, on the unpopular side.

No one can realize who has not been in my position what I suffered while the debate was being prepared. Even my dreams were disturbed by crowds and crowds of women pointing the finger of scorn at me and crying, "Unwomanly! Unwomanly!"

And what result did I have in trying to find some friends for my side among the girls? To my eager questioning I would get such answers as these: "Why, of course, I don't believe any woman should be in politics. It's ridiculous to think of it"; or, "I suppose you would like the men to wash the childrens' faces while the women are at the polls." With haste would I put my hands over my ears and run to the few friendly spirits who were in sympathy with me.

Arguments were the order of the day. In the halls, on the back gallery, at meals, everywhere excited groups of girls were gathered eagerly discussing the question.

From being an almost unwilling participant in the debate, I became a most enthusiastic follower of Miss Anthony. About a week before the debate came off, my enthusiasm rose to such a pitch, I felt convinced my mission in life was to reform the government. Imagine, if you can, the depth to which I fell when this mood passed off. Fear, base fear, took possession of my hitherto stout heart. The only half-veiled scorn of many of the girls and the disapproving looks of the teachers seemed more than I could bear. Oh, how I longed to become dangerously ill so that to take part in the debate would be impossible. Indeed, I firmly expected to have brain fever before the time was up.

Almost every evening would find me with the other two girls on the negative side, in some unfrequented corner, pouring over "The Subjection of Women," by John Stuart Mills. Every point on the other side heard that day was recalled and crushing arguments sought with which to confront it. As closely as we clung to "Mills", just so closely did our opponents clung to a small slip of paper

of which we could find no duplicate. What would not we have given for just one peep into this 'mystery of mysteries'? Our imaginations were almost exhausted devising arguments for what might be on that precious slip.

As the time for the debate drew nearer my ideas became more and more chaotic. The night before the debate found me with not a word written or memorized. Realizing the desperate conditions of affairs, I worked until the 'wee small hours', on my part. Think of my despair, therefore, in the morning, on finding that even the sound of my own voice so frightened me that the words took flight, leaving my mind a perfect blank. Dark visions came before me of the failure the night's attempt must be. I could plainly see the triumphant faces of my opponents and the pitying ones of my friends as I sat down, unable to say a word.

The Washington Post came to my relief. The "Woman's National Suffrage League" was then meeting in Washington, and the paper contained a long account of this and a very complimentary editorial on their session.

"Look," I cried exultantly, as I waved the paper before my friends that night, "Here we have facts and not mere suppositions to confront them with." Alas, how easily can some things be brushed aside.

Well knowing the hopelessness of our side we dressed entirely in black for the debate. As we came into the chapel the cry greeted us: "What, have you forsaken the vanities of life already?" And shouts of laughter arose as we answered "No, we are in mourning for the 'lost cause'."

I was seated on the platform before the terror of my situation struck me. The first debater on the affirmative side was called and I knew my time was next. I did not seem to be myself at all but some one who listened in a dreamy way to her opponent Then my name was read and I started forward. Lo! the very floor seemed to rise to meet me Clutching wildly at a table which very mercifully stood near, I looked over the chapel. Never had it seemed so large, and never had I seen so many upturned eyes. I opened my mouth and I heard a voice, oh, so so different from my own, begin to speak.

After the first second or two my terror abated and soon I had forgotten everything but my argument. Then, followed the other girls; and, at every word, I saw new arguments for my side which I might have used, but for which, alas! it was too late.

When the debate was thrown open to the floor, my consternation and dismay gave way to a feeling of the ridiculous. Two girls spoke for the negative side and then the affirmative had full sway. There was no one to answer a single point. Up rose one girl and with a wise shake of her head, gravely said: "There is enough discord in the homes of this land now, and if the wife and husband had different political opinions, which would be almost inevitable, what would the life be?" In a few minutes from the other side of the chapel came a gentle voice, "I don't see what difference it would make in the result of the elections for, of course, a wife would always vote as her husband did." I had to be almost held in my chair to keep from calling attention to little differences of opinion as these on the same side.

All was at last over—I took a deep, long breath, the first for six weeks. How glad, how glad, I was to have it over, although the negative side suffered a crushing defeat. "The time is not yet ripe for it," I murmured drowsily to myself that night,—but with anything but a sleepy nod, "It never will be ripe for me to take part in another debate."

MARY YOST.

How the Silver Was Saved.

"Well, Elinor, have you heard the news?"

From a dark corner of the room a rather languid voice said: "What news, Cousin George?"

"Come out from that dark nook and stop calling me 'Cousin George', and then I will tell you, and exciting news it is."

"Cans't not tell me and stop teasing?" answered the girl as she advanced from her retreat.

"Nay, nay, fair cousin mine, you must give me my one privilege"; he stopped and sighed as he looked at the crutch by his side. Elinor's face looked her sympathy. Well she remembered the gay, handsome George Beverley of only a few months before; the talented young orator, who had stirred the people by his words; the young officer, untiring in his efforts, and now his hopes were gone. Before a blow could be struck at the enemy, George was crippled by a terrible fall, and now, unfit for service, would never walk again without his crutch.

He saw her sympathy, and while he blessed her for it, hastened to change the current of her thoughts, "And hath woman lost her curiosity" he queried.

"No, indeed, tell me quickly; do hurry, dear cousin."

"Well, the British are coming to seize our church plate. Queen Anne gave, King George will take away."

"Take our church plate! They will not! They cannot!"

"They both will and can. What have I been telling you about the English soldiers? You see, they don't hesitate to rob churches."

The fair face flushed and the dark eyes flashed angrily.

"George Beverley, you shall not abuse English soldiers to me, an English woman. How dare you? You know I love the land of my birth; remember this is but a strange country to me, and—here the voice broke—you ought not to treat me so,"

"Elinor," in a low voice; "you know I do not mean to hurt your feelings. Have I ever been unkind to you, since a year ago, you came to make your home with us? So forgive me, and I will not abuse them any more,—more than I can help," a little mischievously.

A far away look had come into Elinor's eyes, her thoughts were wandering far away, across the sea, to the old happy home in England. Perhaps the picture was brightened by the flash of a scarlet coat, a fair bovish face full of admiration for her. Some day, some day he would come, and then——. Ah, well, we all have our dreams, and this was Elinor's.

George stood quietly leaning against the mantel. He, too, was dreaming, but his

thoughts had not far to wander, no farther than to the fair girl at his side.

"Are you going?" she asked, as he took up his crutch; "if so, let me tell you, the British are not going to have that silver."

He smiled, doubting her power to prevent it.

"Do not laugh at me," with indignation: "they shall not."

When he had gone she sat with wrinkled brow. She had said that silver should not be taken, but how should she manage it? What could she, a weak girl, do? If she were only old she would go straight to that church, take her seat on that chest and refuse to move. No power on earth could make her. She would be so very dignified, and would say: "English gentlemen would not ask a lady to rise." Of course, they would be gentlemen, and she would prevail. However, that plan would never do; Aunt Mary would not let her go among the soldiers, even if she herself dared. Suddenly an idea struck her, the large eyes danced with mischief. She had the very thing, the precious silver should be saved.

All her plans were made, but day after day passed bringing no British. However, one morning they did come, and made their way to the church and entered the vestry room where the silver was kept, without sign of interference. Here an obstacle arose. On a box, which contained the coveted articles, sat an an old lady—an exceedingly stiff and dignified old lady—whose very curls bobbing under the prim white cap spoke of defiance. As the soldiers entered, she gave them a glance of withering scorn and straightened up. The officer in command was a young and very bashful man; not expecting any ladies he was rather overcome, and advanced uncertainly.

"Madam," he began—

"What will you have, sir?" in sharp tones.

"Only Madam, we want the—the contents of that box. Will you please rise?"

She straightened and stiffened, "English gentlemen would not ask a lady to rise."

"But we are English soldiers and must do our duty."

"Rather I have been mistaken, instead of gentlemen, you are robbers, ruffians."

"Madam," he was growing angry now, "if you do not rise I will fire"; cocking his pistol as he spoke.

"Do so," she said with dignity, "it will only prove my words.

Once, twice, he fired. A faint scream, a movement of the hand to the face, and the cap and glasses fell off.

That cry startled a young officer loitering near the door. Somewhere he had heard that voice before, and now he knew the face to be that of Elinor Fairfax.

"Mistress Fairfax," he exclaimed advancing toward her, "what happiness ——"

Elinor turning at the words beheld the hero of her dreams before her. What a different meeting had she planned! "Mistress

Fairfax, happy is——''

She stopped him. ''Captain Herringford how dare you speak to me after this outrage? Leave me ''

''But no harm was meant,'' he faltered; Alexander only meant to frighten you. See, the marks are over your head.''

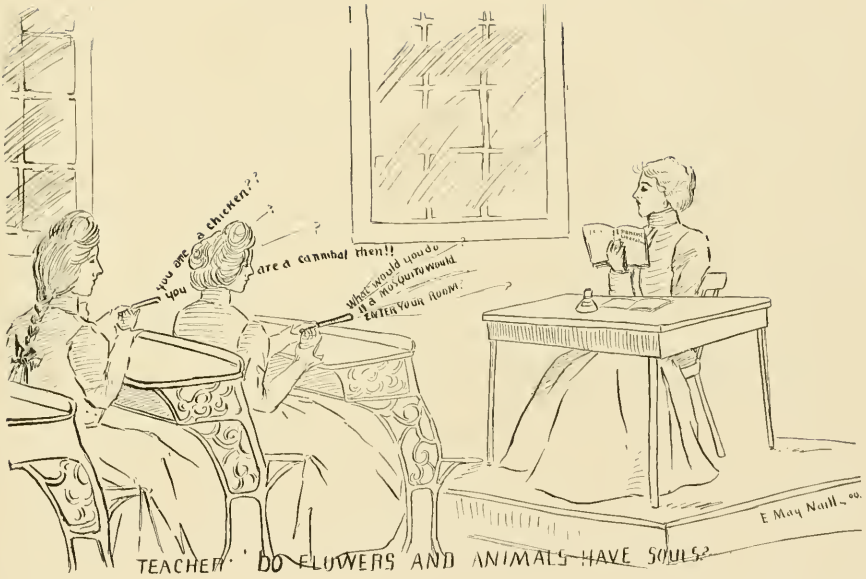
She did not turn, ''Captain Herringford, make no explanations, I desire none. Follow your fellows,'' pointing to the retiring men.

As he hesitatingly did so, the door opened and George Beverley hurried towards her, ' Elinor, Elinor, what have you done?''

''Saved the silver,'' she said triumphantly, though at the last words her voice broke, and clinging to him she sobbed, ''take me home, for I hate—I hate the English.''

Well her dream was over, and his——? Who can not guess the end?

MARY BERKELEY.



TEACHER: DO FLOWERS AND ANIMALS HAVE SOULS?

Anne
Chairman
Marriage
Roosers
Wives
5 Ws
of
Great
Men.
Blenheim

The Violet's Wish.

Down by the brook in a shaded glen
A violet grew and lamented the fate
That placed it there from the eyes of men
To blossom in secret with its mate.

To waste its sweetness and die unknown
When by its fragrance and velvet robe
It deserved a place by the best flower blown
To have its portion of praise and love.

A fairy near on a mossy stone
Heard the vain wish the violet made
And grieved by its cross and mournful tone
Hitherward came to the flower's aid.

Transformed into a lily white—
Towering about its humbler kind,
It felt too proud of its graceful height
To heed the clouds and the rising wind.

Until a storm with furious roar,
Broke o'er the forest—with seeming hate,
Struck the lily and laid it low
Crushed and bleeding by its unharmed mate.

The fairy then to its rescue came,
Restored it to its weeping sister;
But the violet hung its head in shame,
Lower still when the fairy kissed her.

MEDORA HAMILTON.

Y. W. C. A.

1899-1900.

PRESIDENT,
WINIFRED ADDERTON.

VICE-PRESIDENT,
MARY McILVAINE.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,
NINA RAVENSCROFT.

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JODIE WILLIAMS

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ALBERT SHULTZ
STAUNTON
VA

Bureau of Information.

E. H.—"Transporting joy is joy that is carried from one place to another."

H. B.—"Matthew Arnold was hung as a spy."

F. A.—"Some cheese is made chiefly of flax."

H. B.—"I think 'The Prelude' is perfectly beautiful. It's not a bit like Wordsworth!"

An M. B. S. Girl.—"Venus is masculine gender."

M. G.—"Mt. Sinai is the place where the Ark rested."

E. M.—"The Magi were the seven wise men of Greece."

B. M.—"Antony and Cleopatra were brother and sister."

E. M.—"The men who take up collection in the Presbyterian church are called Dunkards."

"An avalanche is a kind of carriage."

A. W.—"Keats compared the Mermaid Tavern to heaven because they had good things to eat there."

An M. B. S. Girl.—"Gentlemen are always sought after."

A. W.—"I think Shakespeare is right funny sometimes."

L. B.—"The Masquerade of St. Bartholomew's Day happened in 1572."

L. P.—"The discoverer of the grave of Moses."

L. G.—Peculation is the act of being peculiar."

N. R.—"I'm not such a fool as to believe blanc mange is made of seaweed."

"Does mince pie really have apples in it! and—meat!!"

SNATCHES.

"Jodie, I have an adorable little duck hat to go with my winter suit."

"But, Willie, aren't you afraid you'll take cold when you wear it."

Miss C., (Art Teacher.)—"Have you anything new on China?"

Miss S.—"Yes," searching through, 'Missionaries,' "I see here where there was an awful massacre there last month."

P. N.—"I must write mother for a collar"

W. H—"For your neck?"

What is the difference between dumb-bells and demi-johns?

Grinds.

Apology—"No Author ever Spared a Brother."

Grace K.—"The pink of perfection."

Ruth F.—"There be more of duty's daughters with a conscience like thee"

Henrietta.—"A plain-featured girl with changeful spirit—that's all.

Florence A —"The oracle"

Mary S —"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."

Minnie I.—"Much study is weariness to the flesh"

Katharine S.—"I have no other than a woman's reason, I think him so *because* I think him so."

Helen H —"A musician is known by his hair"

Louise C.—"Sweetness long drawn out."

Lucy.—"Slow, but sure"

Margie,—
Sharp —} "Like, but oh, so unlike."

Alice K. -"The sweetest things are put up in the smallest packages."

Annie W —"Her pure and eloquent blood speaks in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought that one might almost say, her body talked"

Mary —"I want to meet a man"

Flora P —"The survival of the fittest"

Willie.—"A rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

Minnie A.—"She hath a lean and hungry look."

Helen B —"Give me liberty, or give me death."

Mary Mc.—"And still they gaze and still the wonder grows,
That one small head can carry all she knows"

Dora H., Class Critic.—"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Robbie R.—"Like Niobe, all tears."

Jennie M.—"'Won't you walk a little faster?' said the whighting to the snail."

Belknap —"'Twas the voice of the sluggard,
I heard him complain.
You have waked me too soon
I must slumber again."

Florence K.—"Innocence is abroad in the land."

Vivian—
Laura.— } "They toil not . . yet Solomon in all his glory is not arrayed like one of these"

Isabel S.—"'Tis pain for the child to keep still."

Caroline G.—"There's none so blind as she who will not see."

Cornelia.—"Sweet as the prim rose peeps beneath the thorn."

Cooking under Difficulties

Hope, — } " In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
Jessie. — } For e'en though vanquished he could argue still."

Josephine.—" A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye."

Mary R-r.—" She is as fresh as is the month of May."

Adelaide.—" Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Dora N.—" E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."

Mary Y.—" A mind not to be changed by time or place."

Hortense.—" The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

Marie B.—" Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

Rizpah D.—" I think what I can never express."

Jean Mc.—" Not a word? Not one to throw at a dog."

Caroline, — } " The Heavenly Twins."
Pauline. — }

Evelyn.—" So bashful when I spied her,
So pretty, so afraid!
So hidden in her leaflets,
Lest anybody find."

Eulalie.—" Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue."

Lillie P.—" Why don't the men propose, mama?
Why don't the men propose?"

Elette.—" Old fashioned poetry, choicely good."

Betty.—" Our diplomat."

Jodie.—" The clinging vine."

Bessie B.—" Ah, why should life all labor be?"

Ruth K.—" Rich in saving common sense."

FACULTAS.

?.—"Over the hills and far away."

H. P. W.—"And e'en her failings leaned to virtue's side."

?.—"Une petite bijou."

V- M. S.—"I am monarch of all I survey."

M. D. R.—"Faultily faultless."

?.—"A mountain of a mole-hill."

Prof. H.—"A man he was to all the country dear."

Mrs. C.—A kind and gentle heart she hath
To comfort friends and foes."

?.—"Awe-inspiring Juno."

M. W. A.—"?"

C. C. C.—"I am as sober as a judge."

?.—"A sweet little dumpling "

A. M. S.—"The bee is not afraid of me."

M. C.—"Her bright smile haunt me still."

?.—"Fair and softly goes far."

Judge G.—"The very pine-apple of politeness."

?.—"The best in this kind are but shadows."

W. W. K.—"Lord Chesterfield."

J. S —"The nobleman of the garden."

?.—"In the calm lights of mild philosphy."

A. M. T.— } "Scylla and Charybdis."
L. H. P.— }

B. W.—"A harmless, necessary cat."

M. D. R.— } "When Greek meets Greek."
M. W. A — }

?.—"Who ran through each mode of the scale and was master of all."

?.—"Most musical, most melancholy."

St. Valentine's Interference.

Before an open fire in a cozy little sitting-room sat a young girl. The flickering fire-light played over her face, whose naturally bright and happy expression had given place to one of pensiveness. A frown wrinkled her brow as her eyes gazed dreamily into the glowing coals. Her thoughts assumed forms; the little dancing flames became real, living people She sees a bright sunny winter's day on which every one is gay and happy, for it is St. Valentine's. As she stands on the play-ground an awkward boy comes shyly up to her and hands her a verse that he has dedicated to "Queen." She looks scornfully at him and turns on her heel, leaving him crest-fallen. A faint crimson steals up to the roots of her fair hair as memory thus recalls the past.

The scene changes. The awkward lad has become a polished man. His wit and genius make him the lion of the day. She recalls his indifference to every one; she herself has tried in vain to win his favour. But her pride having been hurt, she now meets him on his own ground. Little does she know that his waking and sleeping hours are filled with visions where she reigns supreme. She does not dream that through all the years of untiring study and labor he has had but one aim—to make himself worthy of her.

The fire grows lower and lower, the ghostly shadows lengthen, still she is absorbed in her reverie. Suddenly the bell rings and shortly afterwards a bunch of roses is brought into the room. The interruption causes her castle in the air to vanish. As she takes the flowers she sees a card loosely thrown in among them—*his* card. She starts back and her flushed face pales, then is suffused by a rich colour. Is this not good St. Valentine's Day, when all true lovers remember one another and *he* has not forgotten. She understands his meaning, and immediately sends the following message :

"Come to me. I understand.

ELEANOR."

* * * * *

He is sitting at the window, listening to the dismal downpour of the rain as it patters on the roof. People jostle one other with umbrellas, throw cross fitful glances at their neighbors, then go plodding along. What a dreary world it is, what does one live for anyway? What do the praise and flattery of the foolish crowd amount to? There is one only whose praise counts for anything, and *she* holds strangely aloof.

What causes his gloomy face to brighten, what magic power was in that little scented paper?

"My hat and coat, John, Call a hansom," he says hurriedly.

He springs into the cab and is being

driven to the home on —— Avenue where his happiness awaits him.

Then he begins to ponder. Why this sudden change? *What* did she understand? He thinks and thinks, but can arrive at no conclusion. The hansom stops. He is there, bounding up the steps. He gives a sharp ring and the door opens. What a vision greets him! Her soft brown eyes look smilingly into his. He does not comprehend his good fortune, but holds out his hands to her.

"Am I forgiven?"

The reply is so low that he only can hear. But how did it happen? Still he cannot solve the mystery. He sees the great cluster of American Beauties lying there Is he mistaken—whose card is that peeping out from the mass of colour? Yes—his, his. A light slowly breaks upon his bewildered brain. The Fates, aided by the good old Saint, are surely on his side. The very roses he had sent to his sister that morning, thinking to give her a loving surprise! But Dan Cupid had taken things into his own hands and the valentine had found its rightful owner.

Our Distinguished Models,

Our honored trustee, our noble church guardian, our pillar of support, the much-esteemed Mr. Waddell, kindly consented to lend his august personage to the art students of the M. B. S., to be disintegrated at their pleasure. For six consecutive days he heard the question fully discussed as to whether his cerebrum was weighty, his medulla oblongata straight or curved, his nose aquiline or pug, his moustache Frenchy or Dutchy, until well nigh distracted, that much-abused but forgiving individual, was obliged to retire from the world for a season to become acquainted with himself—to convince himself of his own identity. Dreadful nightmares followed those tortuous but fascinating sittings; like the Athenian of old, he was wont to cry out in his dreams. But alas, for the powers of fascination possessed by those fair artists, those Siren sisters whose magic presence once felt, cannot be resisted for weekly new victims falls under their wicked charms. Rumors came floating upon the winds, that our venerable model was only waiting for a new invitation to return, and already his dear friend had embarked and was only waiting to hear those magic strains of the musical voices to draw him to the dangerous shoals: "Arrange the black draperies, set forth the tripod" And the wicked damsels after concealing the ghastly sculls lying about, put on their charming smiles, and awaited the new victim. Ten strokes from the deep-toned bell and he has heard those welcoming greetings from the fair lips: "See those bright eyes, that elastic bound. Ah! it will soon be a heavy step, a melancholy eye, if he be able to survive at all. Handsome and strong like the eagle, he shall be converted into a moaning, croaking raven, with his mournful nevermore'." With cruel haste they seize upon him. That well shaped head becomes jumpy, the silky moustache wooly, the eyes lost in interminable shadow The nose has no bone, only a spoonful of gray matter is left in the capacious head, while the skull was spotted and felt for so voraciously, that not even a vestige remained. The criminals laughed a diabolical laugh and with a groan the victim fled. "Return to your tripod," shouted the maidens. Quoth Dr. Wayt, "Ah! Nevermore."

DORA THE DAGO.

The tiny elf with the great dark eyes, the long, raven locks, looking as if she had just stepped from some fairy grotto, is no other than the famous Dora the Dago, and a most interesting piece of humanity in this small model.

Our hearts were all touched with pity on going into the art room one misty morning, to see this small dark figure crouching upon a box. The little blue hands, the ragged shawl, the cotton frock all seemed to say, "It is so

cold." Nevertheless the coarse, but highly prized shoes were hastily pulled off by the eager students, to disclose the very black, but beautifully shaped feet. Beneath its scanty covering, the little figure was drooping unconsciously into a pathetic but graceful pose. The raven locks were hanging over the dark eyes, the rosy lips were parted by a beautiful smile, showing the snow white teeth, which lent a peculiar charm to the fascinating picture before us

Evidently this was a great event in her life. The ride into town in "Miss Fanny's" cart began a day of new and delightful experience for her. At intervals, she would pipe out in her clear, childish treble: "I aint tired," but when finally prevailed upon to rest she would gaze about in perfect delight. The pictures were critically examined, the tall casts were viewed in awesome silence, and after due deliberation as to a suitable name for them, they were promptly named "them china men" We imagined we could see the Italian conception of artistic beauty in her sombre eyes. The second day of her advent in the studio, she announced that we must not take off her shoes since she had croup last night. Brave little maiden; a martyr to the artistic cause was she, for in spite of croup, she arose at five o'clock the next day to go forth in her professional cause, for she must be earning money for Christmas. A beautiful pink calico dress is at stake, and if the young artists be particularly generous, a new red hood as well.

Casting into the future with my mind's eye I see Dora, who has been embraced by fortune's generous arms in the old world, in Sunny Italy, once more in a studio. Her's is the hand of the genius. Marvels grown beneath her fingers, which mold "china men" with marvelous facility, making the cold faces to reflect her own warm, genial nature. Perhaps she may read this sketch of her childhood, and smile to remember her first glimps of the beautiful in life. Only a vision, but what wonders have been revealed in visions.

JAMES DANGERFIELD.

"Good mawnin', ladies! Good mawnin', good mawnin!" The door swung open and before us stood, another model, not the tiny Italian tot this time, but a aged African. A streak of sunlight fell across the dusky face, as he made his best bow, and transformed it into something almost noble. "My name, Miss? Why I'se James Dangerfield. Am quality, dat's what I am. Marse Tim wuz de top of de ladder in Mississippi 'ristocracy." After having thus expressed himself James took a drink and professed himself ready "to tackle de job." "Guess 'taint so pow'ful exhaustin, cause Master Lewis, what de ladies done call 'Biscuit,' he said wished 'twas him stead o' me." The old man was instructed duly as to his duties, which he seemed to find quite interesting, as well as amusing. The old hands, which were creased with the toil of many years, he folded proudly across the

patched knees; the dusky eyes, scarcely visible beneath the o'er hanging brow, were fixed on a "picter of a dog, powerful like ole marse's settee"; the shoes, torn enough to exhibit a pair of blue homespun stockings, were set squarely together, and before us sat a true type of the ante-bellum negro, the fast disappearing darkey of Dixie's land. "Tired, Uncle?" queried a sympathetic voice after a half-hour." "Yes, a lil' bit, Miss"; and the old man relaxed into a restful position. "Aint what I nster to be. Oh, nothin' like. Dem days I could work all de day in de cotton field a totin great loads ob de cotton, and at night dance de juba wid de boys, as spry as a cricket, but dem days am no mo'," and with a sigh Uncle began, as he expressed it, "to set agin."

"There! Uncle James, your time is up. Come and see what manner of mankind you are." No answer came. We glanced at the eyes of our model. Posing had proved to be too much for him. Sound asleep was he, dreaming, perhaps, of the Sunny South, where he had spent the glad spring time of life; or again of the 'baccee patch, or cotton row, with the anticipation of the coon-hunt, and the row in his little red canoe with some pretty "yaller gal." Five shining quarters were placed in the open hand, and with a start James rubbed his eyes to assure himself that 'twas real money and no dream. "Powerful wages fer settin still two hours. Kinder stiffens de j'ints do; guess I better go home now and show my ole 'owan dis picter. Pears like a lot o' pencil marks to me, but den my specs done broke, so cose I aint compertant to jedge. Good mawnin, ladies! Good mawnin to yer alls!" And James Dangerfield shambled away to inform that he had been paid to sit for a picture, which was mighty curious, "But then," James reflected, "Spoze 'twuz count ob my 'ristocracy."

His First Violin.

"Little Jim" was a tall, thin, slip of a boy. He had eyes like a deer, with a fleeting expression of mirth and sadness in their brown depths. His sun-burnt legs and bare feet hardly ever felt the confinement of shoe or stocking. Ever since he could remember he had been called "Little Jim" and now even though he was a boy of fourteen, "Little Jim" clung to him.

He was a flower-boy and every afternoon he would race the streets shouting his peculiar yell to sell the flagrant blossoms. Jim had a musical voice and many people stopped him on the street to buy his arbutus in Spring, roses in June and great golden-rod stalks in September. Some of the young girls that came down-town of an afternoon missed him if he did not come and they frequently asked after "Little Jim."

He went far out in the country each morning to get a supply of flowers to sell in the afternoon. When in a field or meadow, he loved to lie in the long, sweet smelling grass by a stream, and inhale the scent of the fragrant mint that grew in clusters about the stream. A pair of birds were building their nest in a willow above the stream, and often the robin with his red breast would hop out on a limb above Jim's head and sing him a wonderful song, which the boy tried to remember to play on his violin.

Jim's violin was the pet, the plaything and the pride of his hard life; he had never taken a lesson, yet the exquisite airs which he played seemed to come from his soul and he brought out the music as an artist might have done, touching its strings lovingly with his bow as though calling out sweet sounds from a human heart. He had found the instrument in a garret next his own bare room, and loving anything that had the sound of music, he took it for his own, and for five dreary years it had sympathized with almost human feeling, and responded to his every joy and sorrow.

Toby, a child of five, one of a crowd of street-waifs, seemed to be his only confident. Toby was really only a chubby baby, with great blue eyes and grimy fist, but he was Jim's friend for life. It happened this way. Toby had played marbles with a boy who was known to be a bully in all "waifdom." Of course he cheated, and poor little Toby with one chubby fist in his streaming eyes went bitterly home, his marbles, all of them, in the cheat's possession. "Little Jim" met him and kindly asked the cause of his sorrow; Toby told him; a fight took place his marbles were restored; peace was declared and now Toby swore by Jim. Many a night these "cronies" had "bunked" together on a rough bundle of straw with a cold wind howl-

ing over their heads, yet they were happy.

Jim never told a soul, not even Toby, of his violin, he wished to wait and surprise the world. This was his dream. He always took the time after supper to play, as no one was around. In his attic there stood a high dusty step ladder and upon the top round Jim would crawl with violin in hand, and then, with a contented sigh, he began his wonderful melodies, with the streaked walls and cracked ceilings for his listeners If Jim heard a sound he would hurry down from his perch, hide the violin and run to the door to see who the disturber of his solitude was.

One clear day Toby not finding many customers, strolled up the street, his boot-jack slung across his sturdy little form and his mouth puckered into a whistling position; he was going to see Jim. As he trotted up the stairs he thought he heard the sound of a voice then all was silent. When he reached the top step he paused—yes it was a girl singing, but she must be in pain—no—now she was happy—now how sad she seemed to be Toby thought as he stood and listened. The sound seemed to come from the attic and he tip-toed to the door and bending his head looked in through the key-hole. There sat Jim on his step-ladder throne playing as if his life depended on it, and a rapturous expression on his little face.

Toby nearly uttered an exclamation in his excitement—he decided to stay there and listen. After a time his dirty little face began to lose the bewildered expression that it had at first when he had seen Jim with a violin, "an he never tol *me*." As he listened to the music that did seem like the voice of a woman, now tender, now glad, Toby felt a queer kind of a lump rise in his throat and he felt like he did the day "the cheat" took his marbles—he wanted to cry now and did not know why. He sat down and leaning his head on his boot-jack, softly sobbed.

It happened that night Jim had been in trouble, half his little earning had been stolen and now the hope that he could some day take lessons on his violin seemed further off than ever. In his hour of trouble he had come to the friend that always sympathized with him—his dear violin; and all the yearning and pent-up love for the music he had in him, yet could not express, came out in each throbbing note of the melody he played.

Toby suddenly ceased to sob and a peaceful feeling came over him. He wished, oh, how he wished he had not taken the biggest piece of pie that day at dinner; and then, too, he had sworn when one of the boys had accidentally upset his "polish" on the sidewalk! "Little Jim" slept well that night; but he did not know the good he had done that day.

Next day "the chums" were trotting contentedly down the street together; they both were chewing gum a customer had given Toby, and he, as usual, had shared it with Jim. They came to a high board fence with gayly colored posters of a coming event, pasted all over it. It was the sign bill of the great

master, Giovanni who was coming to town with his troupe of players that night, and at the Academy of Music, they were to play.

"Of course it will be packed," said "Little Jim" to his friend, "and I would give a lot to go. Mademoiselle Pavoli is going to play the violin and, ah! if I could only hear her"

Toby flushed to the roots of his fair hair but did not say a word; neither was Jim inclined to talk—he was planning how he could hear that wonderful violinist.

* * *

That night, long before any one thought of starting for the Opera House, a fragile boyish figure with a violin under his arm scaled the fire escape, and breaking a window with a tough stick he had hidden under his torn coat, Jim dropped lightly down into the long corridor. He looked about him. The whole vast Academy wore an air of gayety, yet solemnity. Every row of vacant seats had an expectant look and chairs were placed in each vacant corner. Jim looked at these preparations with a scared, awed look, and then said in a whisper, "Where shall I hide?"

Finally, after walking down steps and up steps, he came down through the long aisle to the foot-lights. Behind an immense pillar there was a square place where one could observe everything, yet not be seen. Here was the place for him! He crawled in and after eating some ham and bread, which was his evening meal, he looked about him. What a vast place it was! High, beautifully carved nude figures bent their giant bodies to hold up the stone pillars that were carved so skillfully that every figure on their stone sides stood out in stern relief. The great chandelier in the middle of the starry dome painted with cupids and angels looked down on him, and each brilliant crystal seemed to merrily wink at the small boy. Even the railing around the balcony had a shiny air of expectation. Jim thought he never before had seen anything so wonderfully beautiful.

Suddenly, a door in the back part opened and several men came in; they all had long hair and looked like musicians. Jim hardly dare breathe as they passed close by his hiding place and went in the trap-door below the stage.

The house was beginning to fill rapidly and Jim watched with open mouth and eyes like saucers, the beautiful women and handsome men, as they took their seats in the circle and in the boxes all about him. The house was filled as it never had been before, and the eager throng were expectantly waiting. All was hushed—the programme commenced.

It seemed to "Little Jim" that he was in heaven. The voices of the 'stars" as they sang one after another, the brilliant playing of the pianist and the deafening applause filled his soul with rapture. No one enjoyed it more than did this music-loving street Arab. Suddenly there was a lull. What was coming? Jim waited and wondered eagerly! Not one sound could be heard, save an occasional whisper, or the swish of a silken gown.

A slight figure came forward on the stage and immediately people were outdoing themselves to show their appreciation and joy of seeing the great violinist. It was Mademoiselle Pavoli!

She looked like an angel so pure was her face with its dark luminous eyes. In one hand she held her Stradivarius, and then leaning her head lovingly on its polished surface, she drew the bow across the strings. A stillness almost like death was felt in the air. Jim listened, his little heart nearly bursting with joy; his whole body was tense and stiff with excitement and his very breath seemed to come and go with every note the girl played. Oh, if he could only play like that He felt that he could yet. Now the voice of the violin rose higher and higher and the notes seemed to pierce his very body. Suddenly a snap—one of the strings had broken—there was a hush and then the great audience were just about to clap when—the notes of a violin carried on the melody Mademoiselle Pavoli had left.

Jim sprang up at the sound of the string snapping and with a sweep of his bow he had continued the song. His sweet notes rose higher and higher, then lower, and with a sob like an anguishing heart-cry they ended to be borne up again with a tenderer melody than before.

By this time women were silently weeping and men were wiping their moist eyes. Who the player, was the thought of every one, but no one knew the truth. "Little Jim" was in a heaven of happiness, he had no thought of a great audience or what he was playing, he was too deliriously happy. At last he ended the song and with great drops of perspiration from weakness on his face, and with trembling knees he sank back exhausted in his hiding place. The hush and the excitement that followed was like a great storm after a peace-like atmosphere. And still the player was undiscovered!

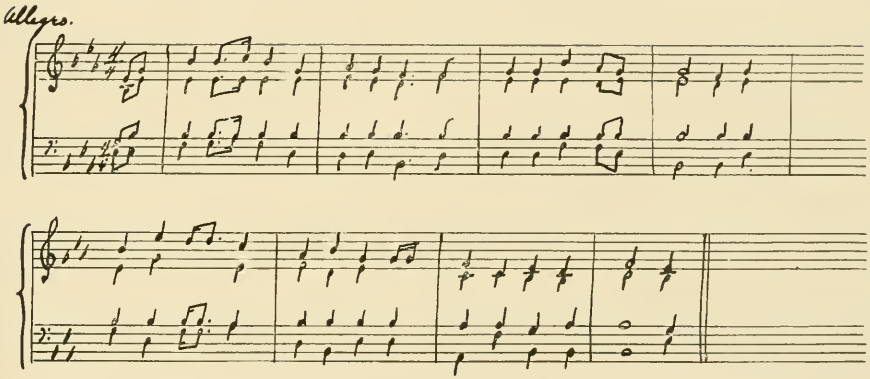
* * * * *

The Academy was empty once more. The figure of a boy lay in the stillness of death by a stone-pillar. The eyes were opened and a sweet smile hovered around the beautiful lips. "Little Jim" had played his last great melody. He had given his whole heart in the playing of it, and the frail body had not stood the strain. It was too weak a home for such a great soul.

Helen Marie Bowen.

The Sea King.

Words by Jessie Hawks. Music by Lilian Carr and Nina Ravenscroft.



Far down in the depths of the deep blue sea,
There's a king who reigns in glory;
He rules the waters and steers the waves
And his name is old in story.

His castle is built of coral white
And his crown is of pearly beads,
He feeds on the fishes that come and go
And the leaves of the fine sea-weeds.

This king is in love with a maiden dear,
Who's as fair as fair can be
But she will not deign to rule with him
In his castle deep in the sea.

At night she rides in her rounded car,
So happy and bright and free,
And she leaves a train of silver light
On the face of the smiling sea.

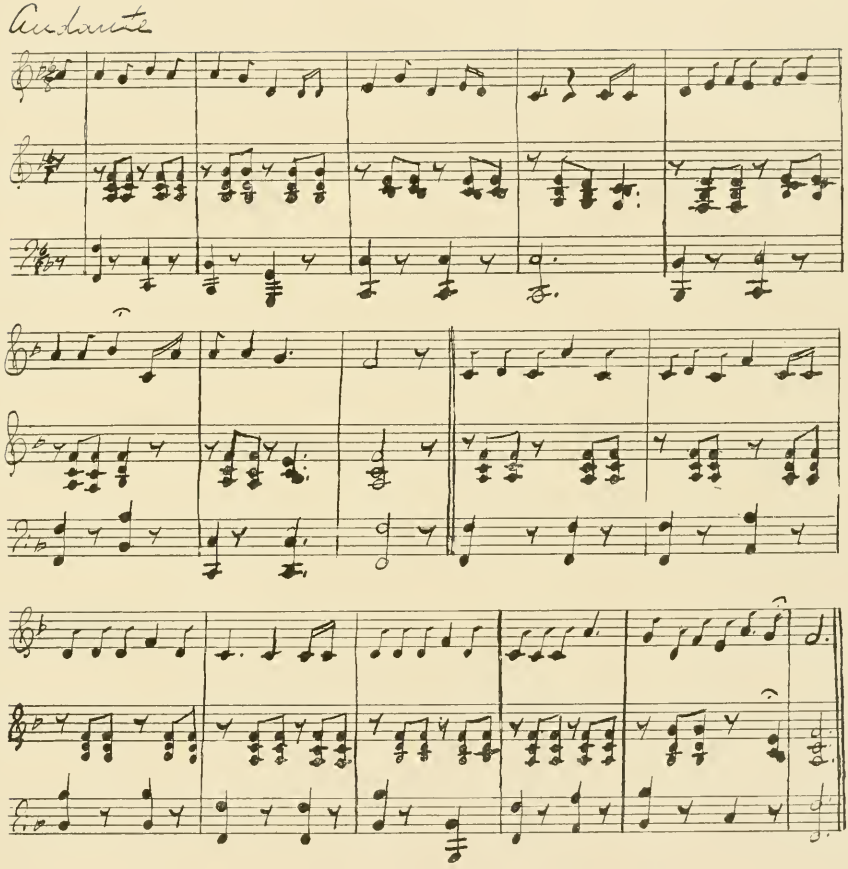
She'll be conquered at last by that bold sea-king
As maidens are used to be;
For at dawn she will pale and silently sink
To the depths of the deep blue sea.

Slumber Song.

Words by HELEN BOWEN. Music by LILIAN CARR AND NINA RAVENSCROFT.

The heavy lids in slumber fall
O'er her cheeks as white as the drift.
And the lashes that lie with an upward curl
Gently caress, like lips
Slumber so gently,
Let the night watch,
And the smile of the angels keep,
While the numberless stars are keeipng their guard,
Sleep, little babe,
Oh sleep!

The night is wrapped in silence deep
As the sea that is calm and still,
And a dusky pall casts a spell o'er the world
That will break at a bird's sweet thrill.
Slumber so gently,
Let the night watch,
And the smile of the angels keep,
While the numberless stars are keeping their guard,
Sleep, little babe,
Oh sleep!


Andante

School Song.

Tune : "Old Folks at Home"

Bright beacon on the rugged hillside,
Fair guiding Star ;
Thy daughters, cherished Alma Mater,
Hail thee from near and far
Fair fame hath wreathed thine ancient portal
With laurels green.
We bring the buds of sweet affection,
Twining the leaves between

Sweet echoes wake the peaceful valley,
While mountains ring,
As voices from the years long faded,
Blend in the song we sing.
O'er Western wave, from empires olden,
In cadence come
Brave souls who bear afar good tidings,
Claiming thee "home, sweet home."

CHORUS.

White and yellow sing we ever
All our hearts to rule,
Fond memories with thee ever linger,
Long live the dear old school.

Alumnæ Department.

Marriages.

Nettie Lambuth Dubose, to Rev. William F. Junkin, April 3rd, 1900 Soochow, China.

Hattie Harllee Bellamy, to Mr. Warren S. Johnson, October 25th, 1899, Wilmington, N. C.

Minnie Watson Grattan, to Mr. Gilmer Weston, November 8th, 1899, Staunton, Va.

Allie Virginia Moore, to Mr. Russell S. Brown, November 15th, 1899, San Antonio Texas.

Florence Carrington Cabell, to Mr. Willard E. Moore, January 10th, 1900, Richmond, Va.

Julia Archer Farrior, to Mr Thomas F. Sanford April 4th, 1900, Kenansville, N. C.

Susan Baldwin Cochran, to Mr. William M. Hilleary, October 4th, 1899, Staunton, Virginia.

Roberta Bacon McDonald, to Mr. Benjamin Russell, November 7th, 1899, Alexander City, Alabama.

Josephine Fawcett, to Dr. Charles Banner, March 28th, 1900, Mount Airy, N. C.

Martha Flora Pickett, to Mr. Francis S. Little, October 18th, 1899, Canton, Georgia.

Suzanne Houston Hall, to Mr. Carroll P. Marshall, February 14th, 1900, Mayesville, Kentucky.

Irene Adams, to Mr. Julius L. Witz, April 18th, 1900, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Julia Sparkman, to Mr. Charles E. Ball, June 28th, 1899, Tampa, Florida.

Isabel Clay Simrall, to Mr. William H. Durette April 25th, 1900.

Sophia Bibb, to Mr. Fisher, April, 1900, Washington, D. C.

Cornelia Buren, to Mr. Frank M. Weaver, November, 1899, Shreveport, La.

Rida Watkins, to Mr. F. Pierce, April 25th, 1900, Owensboro, Ky,

Notes from the Old Girls.

Di McFaddin has had as her guests this winter Rebecca Williamson, of Columbia, Tennessee, and Rufie White, of Washington, D C. The latter has also had a delightful visit to Miss Mann, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Di has been visiting in San Antonio and Houston, and will attend the State University finale. She is considered one of the most popular and handsome belles in Texas.

Annie Wilson has been teaching for the past year in the Public School of Forth Worth.

Minnie Alexandrina Sanderson has devoted her life to the care of her mother, who is an invalid. She spends most of her time in Jacksonville and enjoys the poetic gift that has been one of her happiest talents.

Lena Budd, of Chicago, Ohio, after spending a session at the Seminary, went to Owensboro, Ky., where she taught Elocution at the College. She afterwards married Mr. Jay Pomes of that place.

Elizabeth Turnbull has been spending the winter at her home in Durham, North Carolina. She is now organist of the First Presbyterian Church of that city.

Snowden Carr has spent the winter entertaining at her home in Durham, N. C.

Elizabeth Walker has spent the year at her home in Franklin, Tenn.

Ethel Hatcher, of Columbia, Tenn., spent the winter visiting in New Orleans and Memphis.

Olivia Barrow, also of Columbia, Tenn, visited during the past winter Mary Belle Clack, of Memphis.

Florence Whiteside has spent the winter at her home in Chattanooga, Tenn., where she is very popular.

Kate Harsel attended school in Washington, but left because of ill-health.

Buelah Gresham, of Texas, has been attending school at "Monticello College," in Illinois, during the past year.

Mrs. Z. Robinson (nee) Lu Luckett is in wretched health. Has closed her beautiful home in Owensboro, Ky., and is now in Sewanee, Tenn., where her two little boys are being educated.

Mrs Brown (nee) Lillian Briggs, of Galveston, Texas, is now living in Syracuse, N. Y, her husband being one of the prominent lawyers of that city.

Mrs. Wolfe (nee) Isabella Rives, of Galveston, Texas, spent last winter in Washington City.

Mrs. Davenport (nee) Cora Harriss, Mrs. Fisher (nee) Lillie Harriss, Mrs Alvey (nee) Jennie McCullough, Mrs. John Hanna (nee) Frankie Griffin, are all living in Galveston, Texas.

Mrs. Owens, (nee) Mary Kennedy, lives in Clarksville, Tenn.

Phie Chestersom after leaving the Seminary, married Mr. Richard Bostick, who is a successful wholesale merchant of St. Louis, Mo.

Sadie Metze who has been working at the Art Student's League in Washington, was awarded the New York League Scholarship, and she will spend the coming winter there.

Ruth Lee has been appointed Missionary toBrazil. She goes to assist Miss Charlotte Kemper, who taught for many years at the Seminary.

Kate Merriweather—Mrs. John Wisdom—is very happy in her home at Jackson, Tenn.

Margaret Downing has spent the winter at her home, Sharp's Wharf, Virginia. She has just had a charming visit to Baltimore.

Lutie Luckett Moore spent the greater part of the winter at Dr Gardnier's School in New York. She has spent a most delightful spring in the State of Kentucky.

Mary Belle Clack, of Memphis, Tenn. is one of that city's most popular debutantes. She has been studying vocal and instrumental music Mary Belle will spend the month of June in Columbia, Tenn., and sail for Paris in July, to attend the Exposition.

Clara May Erwin—Mrs. A. G. Coleman—was married the year after leaving school. She has devoted the past few years to literary work, in which she has been very successful. A greater part of her time is spent in travelling and her winter home is in Jacksonville, Florida She has one son. Mrs. Coleman is very much interested with everything connected with the Seminary, and the following notes are taken from a letter received from her, when we first began work on the Annual :

Lizzie Ruse, Pensacola, Florida. Lizzie is just the same girl that we all remember at school. She is living at her pretty home in Pensacola, where her parents preside most hospitably.

Claud Tucker, of Gainesville, Fla., a few years after leaving school, Claud married Mr. Augustus H. King, a bright young lawyer, who has been very successful. They have a beautiful home at Jacksonville, Fla., where they are very happy with four children.

Ella Oliver—Mrs John F. Richardson—3706 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La. Ella is living in her pretty home in New Orleans with her son, Edmund, where she is very happy, and where she is an earnest worker in many charities.

The St. James Hotel, Jacksonville, Fla., is the favorite meeting place in the South for Seminary girls It is the winter home of May Erwin Coleman, who is Vice President of the Mary Baldwin Seminary Alumnae Association, and is always glad to welcome a Seminary girl and add in every way possible to their pleasure in the South.

" Hattie Hawkins, of Martin, Tenn., '97-'98, is travelling in Europe with her mother.

Pearl Canon of Senatobia, Minn., '97-'98, is married but I do not know the gentleman's name.

Lilian Stevens, of Tampa, Florida, '98-'99, is at home now, but will spend the sum-

mer with me.

Etheldra Beamen, of Yazoo City, '98-'99, is at home.

Lilian Hopkins ran off and married last summer.

Celeste Wilder will spent the rest of the winter in Birmingham, Alabama.

I was to have spent the winter in Florida, but after our affliction, remained at home.

With best wishes,

J. May Hutchinson."

"Eleanor Preston is continuing her medical course in Philadelphia.

Mary Cason is teaching in Marion Female College, Marion, Va.

Mary Gaines has been attending school in New Orleans this winter.

Lilla Waybass is one of Raleigh's debutantes.

Freddie Kolstad spent the winter at her home in Palestine, Texas.

I, myself, am teaching Music in Shoemaker College, Gate City, Va.

Mattie L. White."

"Mrs. Fulkerson, now a widow with two little boys, and who has been for several years the competent teacher of the First Grade in our Public School, was a day student in Music at the Seminary in 1879 80. She was Miss Emma Cambell, the daughter of Rev. Dr. Cambell, now of Lancaster, Texas. She graduated at Baldwin's in Music, under Prof. Hamer. While in Staunton she made her home with her uncle, the late Judge Hendren Mrs. Fulkerson will, perhaps, visit in Staunton this summer.

As for myself, there is nothing of interest to write, as I am just spending a quiet time at home and fitting myself for a stenographer.

Ora Miller,

Waxahachie, Texas."

Elizabeth Gibbs leaves in a few days for Germany to make a three years study of art.

On February 28th, 1900, Lavinia Peek of Hampton, ran away and married Frank Van Shilling, of the same place.

Lillian Kensett, spent the past winter in Norfolk, Va., having her voice cultivated.

Mrs Clara Liddell Mabry, after leaving the Seminary, for many years assisted her husband in teaching He died last summer, and she is now thinking of entering the missionary field. Her home is in Jackson, Miss.

A tribute to Clara Liddell Mabry, written by a Jackson friend:

"The muster roll of 'the old girls' would indeed be incomplete without a short sketch of Clara Liddell Mabry. For surely no other name, found among the student-body, reflects more credit on the Seminary, and stands for more in perpetuating in teachings.

A petite, winsome brunette, with lustrous eyes that seem glowing with soul-light, there is an indescribable charm about her that is particularly attractive to children; which gift has been well realized in her chosen profession — teaching.

As a pleasing writer of both poetry and

prose, with mark musical talent, there is always a place of service awaiting her, and cheerfully does she serve.

She was married to Prof. Mabry and was indeed 'a help-meet,' in the school-room and elsewhere.

I wish it were my blessed privilege to close this pen sketch without having to tell of the great shadow that has fallen on this brave, useful young life. Her widowhood came suddenly to her last year, and she is now with her parents and only brother, in a sweet little suburban home of Jackson.

Self-forgetful, she is doing for others still, and has gladdened the little folks this week with a contribution to the Jackson Evening News.

SADIE HENRY PARKER."

Eugenia Bumgardner is teaching in Bell's Valley, Va.

Mary Elder writes us that she has just finished the school of her first experience. Mary lives in Goshen, Va., and recently made a short visit to the Seminary. She sent us an interesting letter from Nettie Dubose, who is now Mrs. Junkin, from which we make some selections :

"I am always glad to hear from an 'old girl' from the M. B. S. Out here I receive so many 'missionary letters,' that my wicked heart enjoys hearing about what is going on in America—the styles, concerts, and about all my friends. By the time I come to America I shall look like old 'Mrs. Noah' for lack of style. It is impossible to tell anything much from Delineators except that sleeves are small. I do enjoy work so much; there are four day-schools under my charge with about one hundred pupils. Every school has a Chinaman as a teacher. I go several times a week to each school and explain the Bible lessons and the Catechism. I also teach a little Arithmetic and Geography. Arithmetic was easy to teach until we came to weights and measures, and as the tables are all Chinese, I have to learn them. Geography is still harder, as some of the names in Chinese do not sound the same as in English. The children study well and have fine memories. Their memories have been cultivated for generations but not their reasoning powers. Besides my work in the schools I visit among the women, some rich, but most of them poor. The rich have so many things to show me, but the poor have nothing to distract them. When I am seated in a room, eight by ten feet large, with mud or brick floor and with one or two chairs, a table, cooking range, embroidery stand, baby crib, children, cats, dogs and chickens promiscuously assembled, then I can talk and get the women to listen. Of course there is the middle class who have good homes, according to their idea of good, and we visit among them a good deal "

Written by Mrs. Ida Lutz Harris a few days before her death, in 1899.

"Several years after leaving the Seminary I was married and after a brief wedding tour settled down in Virginia, which has always been my home, but of recent years I have been

a resident of Charleston, West Virginia, where my husband is connected with the Kanawha and Michigan Railway, as one of its officials.

I have four children, two of them are about grown

Of late years being in delicate health, I have travelled through many parts of our country seeking health, but finding myself very little benefitted.

My oldest sister, Mamie Luitz, was a gradnate of the Seminary and taught there the session after her graduation. She married Dr. Roger Brown of Maryland, and died a few years afterwards, leaving two children, who live in East Virginia now with their father. My youngest sister, Minnie Luitz, was also a student at the Seminary. She is married now and living in West Virginia.

My daughter for a while attended the Valley Seminary at Waynesboro, Va., which has for its principal Mrs. Dr. Winston, one of Miss Baldwin's graduates.

I with my daughter expect to spend the most of this year in the South. I look back on the days spent at the dear old Seminary as some of the happiest of my life, and I feel that the influence exerted over all the girls has been a help to me always, and I would take nothing for the seven years spent within the walls of my Alma Mater.

With best wishes for each and every one of the dear old girls and wishing them a happy and prosperous life, I am very cordially your friend ''

The following is from a letter from Mary White, of Savannah, Ga., who is in Rome, Italy:

"Everything about Rome has a perfect fascination, and it is especially attractive this year as this is 'Holy Year' and the pilgrims are flowing from all over the world, many of them walking all the way.

Last week I went to a reception of the pilgrims given by the Pope after high mass in Saint Peter's. It was a very grand and impressive ceremony, and I am glad to have seen and been blessed by Pope Leo XIII.

This is Carnival Week and the streets of Rome are a gay sight, filled as they are with masques and costumes. Our balcony overlooks the Corso and we throw flowers into the carriages of masqueraders

One of my friends is spending the winter here with her uncle, the ex-consul, and through them I have seen a great deal of Roman-American society and met many of the nobility whom I expected to admire only from a distance. Sometimes I still think they are more admirable that way.

My friend and I had a box-party given us for a first night at the Grand Opera and the music was lovely.

The ruins of Rome grow more interesting every day and one could stay here for years and not get tired.

At the American Embassy the other day I was "cornered" for half an hour with a gentleman, and our only means of communication was Classic Latin."

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